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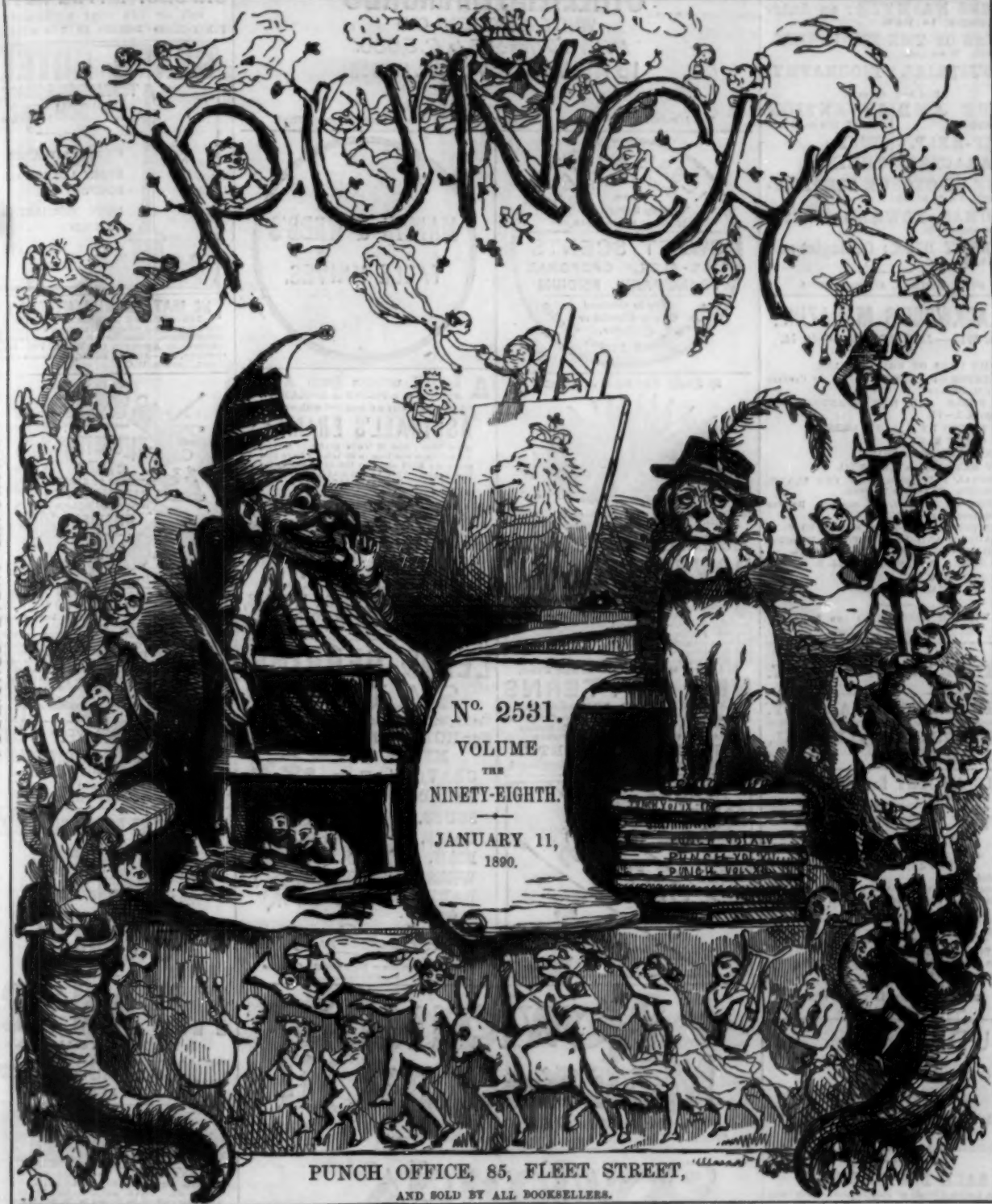

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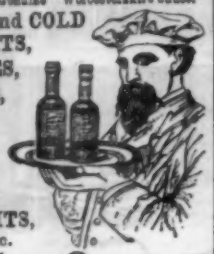

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XVI.

"MIDNIGHT's meridian is supposed to mark
The bound twixt toil and slumber. Light and dark
Mete out the lives of mortals
In happy alternation," said my guide.
"Six hours must fleet ere Phœbus shall set wide
His glowing orient portals.

"The last loud halloo at the tavern-door [the poor
Long since has driven the reckless and
From misery's only haven
Forth on the chilling night. 'All out! All out!' [no doubt,
Less sad would fall on bibulous souls,
The refrain of the Raven.

"London lies shuttered close. Law's measured beat
Falls echoing down the shadow-chequered street;
A distant cab-wheel clatters;
The wastrel's drunken cry, the waif's low moan,
Reach not the ear of tired Philistia, prone,
Dreaming of other matters."

The Shadow's slow subacid speech, I knew,
Foreboded more than mirth. Downward we drew,
Silent, and all un-noted,
O'er sleeping Shopdom. Sleeping? Closer quest
Might prove it one vast Valley of Unrest
O'er which we mutely floated.

"Post-midnight peace," I said, "must fall like balm,
After the long day's turmoil, on this calm,
Close-clustering, lamp-lit city."
"Peace?" sighed the Shadow. "She of the white dove
Is not less partial in her gifts than Love,
Or Wealth, or Worldly Pity.

"See yon close-shuttered shop! Peace broodeth there,
You deem perchance; but look within. A lair
Of midnight smugglers, stirring
At the sea's signal, scarce seems more agog.
And yet each toiler's heart lies like a log,
Sleep each tired eye is blurring.

"Feet scuttle, fingers fleet, pens work apace;
A whipt-up zeal marks every pallid face;
One voice austere, sonorous,
Chides, threatens, sometimes curses. How they flush,
Its victims silent, tame! That voice would hush
A seraph-choir in chorus.

"Strident, sardonic, stern; the harrying sound
Lashes them like a flail the long hours round,
Till to strained nerves 'twere sweeter
To silence it with one fierce passionate grip,
Than into some bland Lotos Land to slip,
And moon out life to metre.

"From early morn till midnight these poor slaves [craves
Have 'served the public;' now, when nature
Rest from the strain and scurry
Of Shopdom's servitude, they still must wake
Some weary hours, though hands with fever shake
And nerves are racked with worry.

"Though the great streets are still, the shutters up,
Gas flares within, and ere they sleep or sup
These serfs of Competition
Must clean, and sort and sum. There 's much to do
Behind those scenes set fair to public view
By hucksters of position.

"The shop-assistant's Sabbath has begun!
His sixteen hours long Saturday has run
Its wearing course and weary.
The last light 's out, and many an aching head
At last, at last, seeks in a lonely bed
A dreamland dim and dreary.

"In roseate visions shall racked souls rejoice
Haunted by echoes of that harrying voice?
Nay, friend, uncounted numbers
Of victims to commercial strain and stress,
Seek nought more sweet than dull forgetfulness
In the short night's scant slumbers."

"Too sombre Spirit, hath the opening year
No scenes of gayer hope and gentler cheer?
Is all beneath night's curtain
In this vast city void of promise glad?
Are all the guests of midnight spectres sad,
And suffering and uncertain?"

So I addressed the Shadow. "Friend," he smiled. ['untiled.'
"'Twas 'lurid London' that you wished
Most secret things are sinister.
Innocent mirth needs no Ithuriel spear
To make its inner entity appear.
Still, to your mood I 'll minister.

"Not long-drawn Labour only breaks the rest
Of London's night. Society in quest
Of Gold's sole rival, Pleasure,
Makes little of the bounds of dark and day.
Night's hours lead on a dance as glad and gay
As the old Horace' measure.

"Look!" Such a burst of laughter shook the room
As might dispel a desert anchorite's gloom.
Flushed faces keen and clever
Contorted wildly; such mirth-moving shape
Was taken by that genial histrion's jape
As mobs are mute at never.

A long soft-lighted room, the muffled beat
On carpets soft of watchful waiters' feet
In deft attendance gliding;
A table spread with toothsome morsels, fit
For the night-feast of genius, wealth and wit,
Of a skilled *chef's* providing.

Good fellowship, *bonnes bouches*, right pleasant tales
Of *bonnes fortunes!* Here a quaint cynic rails,
There an enthusiast gushes.
Gay talk flows on, not in a rolling stream,
But with the brooklet's intermittent gleam
And brisk irradiant rushes.

Side-lights from all Society shift here
Reflected in keen *mot* and jocund jeer,
Wild jest, and waggish whimsey.
Stagedom disrobed and Statecraft in undress,
Stars of the Art-world, pillars of the Press,
Sage solid, *flâneur* flimsy,

All cross and counter here; they lounge and sup:
The fragrant smoke-cloud and the foaming cup
Tickle their eager senses.
What care these for the clock, whilst banter flows [roes
And dainty "snacks" and toothsome herring-
The distant cook dispenses?

"How different these," my calm companion said, [for bed
"From the crowd yonder! These yearn not
As rest from leaden labour.
The night may be far spent, the Sabbath dawns,
But here no dull brain-palsied drowser yawns
At his half-nodding neighbour.

"With wit, and wealth, and wine, the hours of night
In sombre Babylon may dispense delight.
These revellers, slumber-scorning,
Radiant and well-arrayed, will stop, and stop,
Till waiters drowse. But then, yon slaves of Shop
Must meet a different morning."

(*To be continued.*)

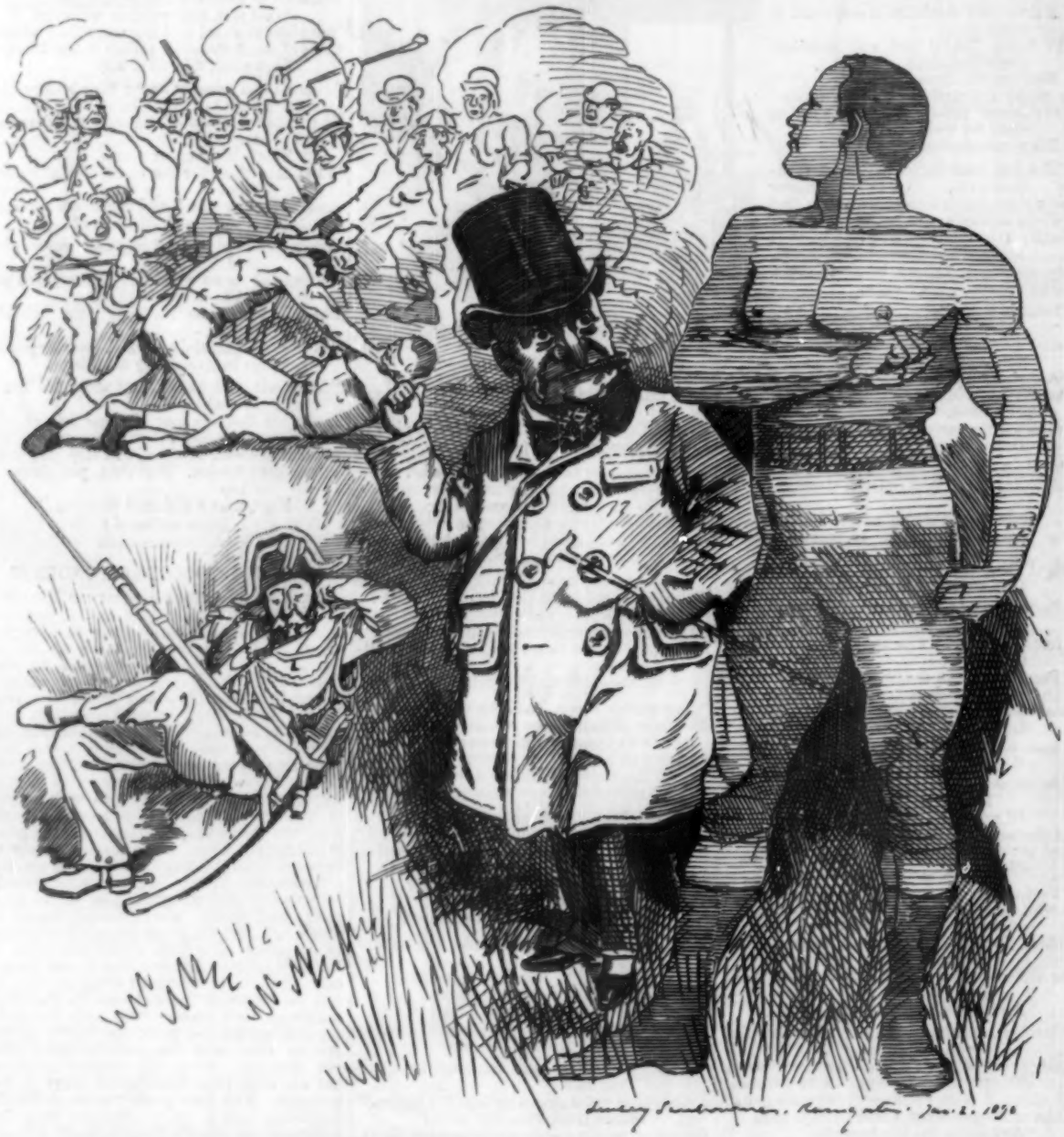
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN UNSATISFACTORY CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—We can well understand and sympathise with you in your disappointment on discovering that you had been deceived as to the amount of intelligence possessed by the Learned Pig that you had been induced to purchase as a Christmas present for your invalid Grandfather. It must have been very annoying, after having imagined that you had provided your aged relative with a nice long winter's evening amusement resulting from the creature's advertised powers of telling fortunes and spelling sentences with a pack of ordinary playing cards, to receive a letter from the housekeeper bitterly complaining of its performance, which seems merely to have consisted of eating all the tea-cake, biting a housemaid, getting between your Grandfather's legs and upsetting him in his arm-chair, and, finally, when pursued, trying to obtain refuge in the grand piano. You cannot be surprised after this experience, that it has been intimated to you that if you do not take the creature yourself away at once, it will be forthwith handed over to the first policeman that passes. Yes, spite the pig's reputed intellectual gifts, we would advise you to close with the pork-butcher's offer you mention. When the creature has been cut up, send your Grandfather some of the sausages. This may possibly appease the old gentleman, and serve to allay the irritation that your unfortunate Christmas gift appears to have occasioned.

THE NORTH WALLS.—The Sporting Correspondent of the *Sunday Times* tells us that Colonel NORTH is "having a new ball-room built"—(he wouldn't have an old one built, would he? But no matter)—"the walls of which are composed of onyx." Of course, a Billionaire pays all the workmen punctually and regularly; therefore, "Owe-nix" walls are an appropriate memorial. *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*

DARES AND ENTELLUS.

(New Non-Virgilian Version told by Punchius to the Shade of Sayerius in the Elysian Fields. With Intercalary Observations by the Illustrious ex-Pugilist.)



Mr. Punch. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, TOM?"
Shade of Sayers. "THINK!" (*Disgusted.*) "WHY, I THINK THE SOONER THE P. R.'S PUT DOWN, THE BETTER!"

THEN bulky DARES in the ring appears,
Chucking his "castor" in 'midst husky cheers.
DARES, the so-called "Champion" of his land,
Who met the great KILRAINUS hand to hand,
And at the Pelicanus strove—in vain—
The Ethiopian's onset to sustain.
Such DARES was, and such he strode along,
And drew hoarse homage from the howling throng.

His brawny breast and bulky arms he shows,
His lifted fists around his head he throws,
Huge caveats to the inadvertent nose.
But DARES, who, although a sinewy brute,
Had not of late increased his old repute,
Looked scarce like one prepared for gain or loss,
And scornful of the surreptitious "cross;"

Rather the kind of cove who tackled fair
Would think more of the "corner" than "the square."
("*Ah! bust him, yes!*" SAYERIUS *here put in.*
"*He meant to tie or wrangle, not to win.*
I'd like to—well, all right, I will not say:
But 'twasn't so at Farnborough in my day.")
Next stout ENTELLUS for the strife prepares,
Strips off his ulster, and his body bares,

Composed of mighty bone and brawn he stands,
A six-foot straight, "fine fellow of his hands."
ENTELLUS, Champion of the Austral realm,
Whose sight fat DARES seemed to overwhelm.
("*Yah!*" *cried* SAYERIUS, "*brave* HEENANUS *stood*
Well over me; yes, and his grit was good.
But did I funk the Big 'Un from the fust?
No, nor when nine times I had bit the dust!")
They both attentive stand with eyes intent,
Their arms well up, their bodies backward bent.
One on his clamorous "Corner" most relies;
The other on his sinews and his size.
Unequal in success, they ward, they strike,
Their styles are different, but their aims alike.
Big blows are dealt; stout DARES hops around,
His pulpy sides the rattling thumps resound.
("*He always was a fleshy 'un, yer know,*"
Said brave SAYERIUS. "*But on yer go!*")
Steady and straight ENTELLUS stands his ground,
Although already rowdy rows abound.
His hand and watchful eyes keep even pace,
While DARES traverses and shifts his place,
And, like a cornered rat in a big pit,
Keeps off, and doesn't like the job a bit.
("*No, that I 'll bet!*" *the brave* SAYERIUS *said.*
"*Wish I 'd been there to punch his bloomin' 'ed!*")
More on his feet than fists the cur relies,
And on that crowded "Corner" keeps his eyes.
With straightening shots ENTELLUS threats the foe,
But DARES dodges the descending blow,
And back into his Corner's prompt to go,
Where bludgeon, knuckleduster, knotted sticks,
Foul sickening blows and cruel coward kicks
Are in his interest on ENTELLUS rained
At every point that plucky boxer gained.
("*Oh!*" *groaned* SAYERIUS. "*And this sort of thing*
Wos let go on, with gents around the Ring!")
In vain ENTELLUS gave sly DARES snuff;
DARES already felt he 'd had enough;
But twenty ruffians, thralls of bets and "booze,"
Had sworn could he not win he should not lose.
DARES, you see, was "Champion" of his land,
And these were "Trojans all" you 'll understand.
("*Champion be blowed!*" SAYERIUS *said.* "*Wus luck,*
They wosn't Trojans. This is British pluck!")
Then from the Corner fiendish howls arise,
And oaths and execrations rend the skies.
ENTELLUS stoutly to the fight returned.
Kicked, punched and mauled, his eyes with fury burned,
Disdain and conscious courage fired his breast,
And with redoubled force his foe he pressed,
Laid on with either hand like anything,
And headlong drove his rival round the Ring;
Nor stops nor stays, nor rest, nor breath allows.
Thereon the Corner raised redoubled rows,
Yelled false alarms of "Rescue!" heaved half-bricks,
And murderous missiles and unmanly kicks
Poured on ENTELLUS, whilst fat DARES slunk
Between his bullies, like a shabby skunk. [GULLIES
("*Bah!*" *growled* SAYERIUS. "*Fancy* CRIBBS *or*
Backing down under guard of blackguard bullies!")
But now the Ref., who saw the row increase,
Declared a "draw," and bade the combat cease.
("*A draw?*" SAYERIUS *shouted.* "*Wos he drunk?*
Or had he, like the rest, a fit of funk?")
"This," PUNCHIUS said, "ended the precious game.
In which all, save ENTELLUS, suffered shame.
SAYERIUS mine, I trust you take delight
In this description of a Champion Fight!"

"A *Fight*," SAYERIUS shouted. "Oh, get out!
It was a 'barney.' If this ruffian rout
Of cheats and 'bashers' now surround the Ring,
You 'd better stop it as a shameful thing.
In JACKSON's time, and even in my day,
It did want courage, and did mean fair play—
Most times, at least. But don't mix up *this* muck
With tales of rough-and-tumble British pluck.
I 'd like to shake ENTELLUS by the hand,
And give that DARES—wot he 'd understand
Better, you bet, than being fair or "game,"
Or trying to keep up the Old Country's name!
But anyhow, if Boxing's sunk so low
As *this*, why, hang it, PUNCHIUS, *let it go!*"
Said *Punch*, as from the Elysian Fields he strode,
"If you're not right, SAYERIUS mine, I 'm blowed!"

STUDIES IN REPARTEE.

Algy (*patronisingly*). "ULLO, JIM!—WHAT—YOU PLAY THE BANJO? YOU LUCKY DOG, YOU POSSESS ALL THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS I LACK!"

Jim (*modestly*). "OH, NONSENSE! WHY, YOU 'RE MAKING ME OUT A REGULAR CRICHTON!"

WORK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *New Year's Day* (*or thereabouts*), 1890.

EVERY fellow says you are such a good chap, and what every fellow says must be true. Now we want you to do us a good turn. We wish you would write down "holiday tasks." It is such a beastly shame that fellows home for "the Yule-Tide Vacation" (as our Head Master calls it), should have to be stewing away at all sorts of beastly things. No—if we are to do anything in the working line, let us have a paper like the subjoined, which, at any rate, will test our knowledge of what we have been doing during the holidays. You will see I have added the answers in the manner I think they should be given to secure full marks. Believe me, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Yours sincerely, SMITH MINIMUS.

1. Give a short account of your Christmas dinner, distinguishing between the sustenance for the body, and the food for the mind.

Answer. Whole affair stunning. Turkey and mince-pies first-rate. Champagne might have been drier—but, tol lol! Uncle BOB rather prosy, but his girls capital fun. Tips satisfactory.

2. What do you know of (1) the Pantomime at the Crystal Palace, (2) the World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall, and (3) the Panorama of Waterloo at Ashley Place?

Answer. (1.) *Aladdin* is the subject of the Palace Pantomime, which is not half bad. Mr. DAUBAN, as usual, capital, and the dresses quite Drury Lane form. Scenery, too, (especially Willow-pattern Plate) up to the mark, if not more so. (2.) World's Fair, at Agricultural Hall, rather mixed. Excellent menagerie—good old BLONDIN—but side-shows second-rate. Shakspearian Pantaloon in one of the latter seemed to be enjoying Christmas in the old-fashioned manner. (3.) Panorama of Waterloo, not only patriotic, but artistic. Regular good set-to between the Highlanders and French Cuirassiers. Skull in the Relics Department—pretty ornament for the Annual Banquet at the Surgeons' Hall.

3. Given a traveller from Charing Cross to St. Clement's Danes, describe the places of interest he would pass during the journey.

Answer. I think the best way of flooring this question is to say what I should do if I made the voyage. Take a cup of chocolate at Aërated Bread

Company, with two pennyworth of butter and cake; then to the Lowther Arcade, to get some toys for the young 'uns. Next, to GATTI's Restaurant for Lunch. Being a good day for *Matinées*, look in at TERRY's for First Act of *Sweet Lavender*, then to the Opéra Comique for Second Act of *Real Little Lord Fauntleroy*; lastly, wind up with a bit of *Our Flat* at the Strand. Dine quietly at the Gaiety before seeing the *Dead Heart* at the Lyceum, which will produce an appetite, to be appeased only at RULE's, where you can take a light supper—then to bed.

4. Do you think that the Head Master of your school would derive any benefit from a closer association with the Metropolis? If you do, give your reason for such an opinion.

Answer. I decidedly think old SWISHTALE would be better for a week (under supervision) in London. Might take him to the Empire, the Pav., and to see *Ruy Blas, or the Blasé Roué*. If it did him no other good, it would afford him a topic for conversation at lesson time.

JUSTICE AT HIGH-PRESSURE.

(*Or what it has nearly come to in Judges' Chambers.*)

SCENE—*Room in Royal Courts divided by railing into two parts. First part occupied by* Chief Clerk *seated in front of table covered with papers. Second part filled with* Solicitors' Clerks *hustling one another in the endeavour to attract attention. List for the day's causes about six yards long.*

Chief Clerk (*after three hours' hard work*). Now, Gentlemen, one at a time. SMITH *versus* BROWN!

Six Solicitors' Representatives (*speaking together*). Won't take a minute in—only an order to——

Chief Clerk. One at a time, Gentlemen! Who has the conduct of this matter?

First Solicitor's Representative. I have, Sir. It's an order to sell some freehold land. We have half a dozen valuations, and we want you to decide the conditions of sale.

Chief Clerk. Hand in the documents, and let the matter be submitted to the conveyancing counsel for a draft. Adjourned for a week. Next, please! JONES *versus* ROBINSON!

Second Solicitor's Representative (*forcing his way to the front*). This suit has been going on for six years, and we have got to second further consideration. By the recent statute, Sir, you now have to tax the costs.

Chief Clerk. Very well; hand them in, and when I have looked through them I will give you an appointment to proceed. Next, please! SNOOKS *versus* TOMPKINS!

Third Solicitor's Representative. Settlement of certificate. There are eighteen parties to this suit, and we have seventeen present—the eighteenth would be here, but I fancy the gentleman in charge of the matter has the influenza, and——

Chief Clerk (*relieved*). Oh, very well, then; as we can't proceed behind his back, we must adjourn it. SHRIMP *versus* LAMBKIN!

Fourth Solicitor's Representative (*promptly*). Rather a hard case, Sir. One of the beneficiaries, who presumably is entitled to the interest on £20,000 for six years, is in urgent need of five pounds, and——

Chief Clerk (*looking at summons*). Are you opposed?

Fifth Solicitor's Representative. Certainly, Sir; although my client instructs me to say that he too considers it a hard case, and——

Chief Clerk (*interrupting*). I have no power, then, to make an order; but, of course, if you like, I will put it in the Judges' list. Application refused. BUNKUM *versus* TINSEL!

Sixth Solicitor's Representative. Remuneration of Receiver, Sir. You have the papers.

Chief Clerk (*glancing at documents*). I think the Receiver had some special trouble in the matter.

Sixth Solicitor's Representative. Yes, Sir. I appear for him, and he tells me he has employed six clerks.

Chief Clerk. Quite so—commission at seven per cent. PEACE *versus* GOODWILL!

Seventh Solicitor's Representative. Proceed with accounts. We object to item 29—gravestone to testator. Will said that the funeral was to be of the simplest character, and——

Chief Clerk. I see. Disallowed. What other items are objected to?

Seventh Solicitor's Representative. Nos. 33, 44, 87, 136, 150 to 506 inclusive: but, Sir, as some of these may take some time, and we are not quite prepared——

Chief Clerk. Very well. Adjourned for three months. WILD *versus* SHEPHERD and Others!

Eighth Solicitor's Representative. We wish to suspend the Manager of the Restaurant in this matter. It is alleged that he——

Chief Clerk (*who has glanced at the papers*). I shall not deal myself with this matter, but put it in the Judges' list. And now, Gentlemen, as I have to attend his Lordship in his own Chambers, I am afraid the other matters must be adjourned to another occasion.

[*Exit into inner Apartment hurriedly.*

Ninth Solicitor's Representative. And he has only got to number seventeen on the 11·30 list! Too bad!

Chorus of Solicitors' Representatives. Another morning wasted! But it's not *his* fault; *he* works hard enough! But, why don't they get enough men to do the business?

[*Exeunt to appease their clients, who are impatiently waiting to hear the result of their various applications. Forcible language, and Curtain.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

REMINGTON'S *Annual* is a Remington which should go off well. This is the report of it—from the Baron—who says, get it, and read it. *A Fleety Show*, by W. H. POLLOCK. Those who remember *The Green Lady and other Stories*, will be delighted with this. A very quaint idea, which would have borne further elaboration.

I came across a story, new to me, but not new, I dare say, to many of my readers—I mean *Cashel Byron's Profession*, by G. BERNARD SHAW. To those who have yet the pleasure to come of reading this one-volume novel, I say, emphatically, get it. The notion is original. The stage-mechanism of the plot is antiquated; but, for all that, it serves its purpose. It is thoroughly interesting. Only one shilling, in the Novocastrian Series. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

ROBERT ON GOOD OLD KRISMUS.

OF course I don't kno how jolly Old Krismus affecks other peepel, but I do kno how it affecks me, and that is, that I allus feels perticklar kind to pore ragged littel children, such as we sees in sum of our back-streets and sitch places, and ewerybody can therefore understand without werry much trubble how werry pleased I was at what append the other day, and how jolly prowd I was at being alloud to have my little share in it.

I offishyated the other day at a werry werry nice party of about twenty, at one of our best Tavverns, and they was about as nice and brite and jowial a set of Gents as I have had the honner of waiting on for sum time parst. They larfed and they chatted away as I likes to see 'em, cos I nos from my long experience that them 's the sort of Gents as is allus werry libberal to the pore Waiters. Well, one of the werry britest and wittyest of 'em all, jest about the time as the sperrits is the highest, wiz., about a hower after dinner, when the wine is a having its werry best effect, pulls a paper out of his pocket that was ruled all over, and had a lot of names on it, and he says, says he, with his werry britest smile, "We've all had a jolly nice dinner, and plenty of good honnest fun, and I now want you all to join me in a reel good lark;" and they all looks at him quite hegerly. Then he says, "If you will every one of you give me a shilling, I will let you have a chance in my lottery, where they is all prizes and no blanks, and the prizes will give as much plezzur and appyness," says he, "as the jolly good dinner we has all just had."

So they all larfed at the funny idear, and they past the paper round, and ewery one on 'em sined his name and cashed up a shilling.

"I now garrantees," I think he sed, "that for ewery shilling you have given me no less than twenty-four pore little children shall have a good dinner; and so, as there is jest twenty of us, we shall have purwided a good dinner for no less than fore hunderd and hayty pore little hungry children!"

I was that estonished at this wunderfull rewelashun that I was struck dum for a minnet, while the jolly party rapped the table and cried, "Bravo!" But I soon pulled myself together, and, going up quietly behind the kind-arted Gent, I says, in a whisper, "Please, Sir, will you kindly let me be a subscriber?" And he did, and I paid my shilling, and sined my name, amid the cheers of the cumpny, and then retired, as prowd as a Alderman. But what a fact for an Hed Waiter to ponder hover! A dinner for a hapenny! and the dinner as this jolly party had bin a eating cost, I dessay, quite thirty shillings a head, which I makes out to be, not being a werry grand skoller, about enuff for some seven hunderd pore children's dinners! I leaves to stronger heds than mine to calkerlate how many pore children the bill for the hole twenty wood have paid for; BROWN says ewer so many thousands; but BROWN does always xagerate so.

ROBERT.

"HER MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION."

AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS IMPERATOR, of course, represents "the Government," and Messrs. H. J. LESLIE and HARRIS (CHARLES of that ilk) are "Her Majesty's Opposition," who are to be congratulated on their Pantomime of *Cinderella* at Her Majesty's Theatre. Having purchased the book,—which must be classed among the "good books" of the season,—I can say decidedly that there is a considerable, though not a material, difference between the Pantomime *Cinderella* "as she is wrote" by the two pretty men "Messrs. RICHARD and HENRY,"—whose surnames, I am informed, are synonymous with those of a great English theologian and a still greater English astronomer,—and "the Pantomime *Cinderella*" as she is now performed at Her Majesty's. "Cut and run" must ever be the motto of the Playright's and the theatrical Manager's action; but what astonished me, before I consulted the book, was the omission on the stage of the striking dramatic climax,—especially striking, because a clock is involved in it,—of *Cinderella's* story.

Portrait of Cinderella "Palmer que meruit." A Minnie-ture.

Could I believe my eyes, when, after a magnificent ball-room scene, where the colours are grouped with consummate skill and taste, I saw the handsome Prince, Miss ROBINA, *remplaçante* of Miss VIOLET CAMERON, lead to her place in the centre of that glittering throng the *petite et pétillante Cinderella* in her Court dress, wearing her little glass slippers (very little slippers, and very little glass), and then, nothing happened, except that the next Scene descended, and hid them from view.

But, Heavens! had the Clock in the Palace Yard stopped? Had its works got out of order? Had it followed the example of the Dock and Gasmen, and "struck," by refusing to strike? Ah! "Inventor and Producer," Ah! Mr. H. J. LESLIE, "Ah!" to everyone who had a hand in this sacrilege; "Ah!" on behalf of Messrs. RICHARD and HENRY, who could not have yielded this point except under a strong protest,—please restore this. We would all of us from eight years old (permitted by Home licence to go to theatres at night during Christmas holidays), and up to over fifty (compelled to go to look after the others, and delighted to do so)—we would all of us rather hear the clock strike twelve, see *Cinderella* in rags, running for bare life, see the Prince in despair at the flight of his partner, on whose card his name was down for sixteen more valses and galops, than witness a black-and-white dance, with fans, pretty in itself, and set to very pretty Solomonesque music, but meaningless as regards plot.

Extraordinary Omission from the Shakspeare Tableaux at Her Majesty's, when they had the materials at hand—

"THE TWO MACS."

Here is the stage-direction—"*At the end of song*"—which should have been a National song, by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, but wasn't—in fact, there was no song at all, as well as I can remember, though I rather think the crowd were always more or less singing a chorus,—"*clock strikes.*" If it did, I didn't hear it. If it did, why didn't the characters behave as sich, and on *Cinderella*'s saying what the authors have written, and which I am positive I didn't hear,

"What shall I do? the hour has struck at last!
I hope to goodness that that clock 's too fast!"

why didn't they execute a "*Hurried Gallop*," and why wasn't the stage-direction, "*The Ball breaks up*,"—the printer prefers "breakes up,"—"*in wild confusion*" carried out? No one knows better than this present scribe what changes are necessitated at the last moment, and after the book is published. But an alteration which omits the point of the story is scarcely an improvement. It does not affect me that the demon *Scroogins* was reduced comparatively to a dummy, for poor Mr. SHIEL BARRY was suffering from dreadful hoarseness, and could hardly speak, much less sing. There were originally too many plums in the pudding. The knock-about scene by the Two ARMSTRONGS, in imitation of our old friends the Two MACS, very ingeniously introduced as *Jeames the First* and *Jeames the Second*, Royal Footmen, is immensely funny. *Cinderella's* jödelling lullaby is pretty. All the music is bright and lively, and I fancy that though there are the names of four or five Composers to the bill, Conductor SOLOMON,—who keeps them all going, and sticks to his beat with the tenacity of a policeman,—has done the major part of it, and the minor too. Bravo, Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON! "What's a hat without a head?" and what's a Norchestra without a NED? Mr. ALFRED CELLIER is responsible for a charming minuet.

One more question—Where were "the Lyrics by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT?" Is Mr. LESLIE satisfied with one Lyric in Shaftesbury Avenue? And is he keeping back Mr. SCOTT's for his next Opera? Perhaps though, as Miss VIOLET CAMERON now appears as the Prince, the lyrics are sweetly sung, which is an inducement to revisit *Cinderella chez elle*.

The Transformation Scene is very effective. Will the Public ever regain their taste for the short Pantomime, with one Big Show in it, and an hour's Harlequinade. JACK IN THE PRIVATE BOX.

A JAPANESE BELLE.

"This tiny Japanese lady, whom you left, as you thought, on the lid of the glove-box at home."—*Sir Edwin Arnold, in Daily Telegraph.*

EDWIN ARNOLD, Knight and Poet, vividly descriptive man,
I'm in love, and you must know it, with your *belle* in far Japan.

Her *kimono* looks so telling with sleeve swaying in the wind,
And the amber *obi* swelling into satin bows behind.

Though her charming little nose is, you confess, a trifle flat,
When the lips are red as roses, who would stop to think of that?

Sunny smiles so sweet and simple, scornful cynic soul might win,
While a most bewitching dimple guards the fascinating chin.

Teeth the purest pearl outshining, shell-pink nails, and she will wear
Just one red camellia twining in her ebon wealth of hair.

Jet looks grey beside her tresses blacker than the murk midnight,
While the little hand that presses each coquettish curl shines white.

She is quite an *avis rara*, but her lips for me were dumb,
Though she murmured, "*Sayonara*," and again should bid me come.

If her fairy ears I frighten with the wild words of the West,
Surely love will come to lighten all the burden of my breast.

I will learn her awful lingo, if by any chance I can;
I'll despoil the gay flamingo to provide her with a fan.

She will note my admiration, smiling in a sweet surprise,
And there *can* be conversation lovers learn 'twixt eyes and eyes.

Come what will, methinks I'll chance it, and for pretty things to say,
I will read up, during transit, all *The Light of Asia*.

Since, Sir EDWIN, dainty dreamer, thine the pen that bids me go,
By the fastest train and steamer, straightway off to Tokio.

THE LION'S DIARY.

BOTHER being caged up in this wooden box along with a boar-hound. Why a boar-hound? Is he supposed to look after me? I rather like that, if he is. "Look after *me*?" Why just with one touch of one of my forepaws I could smash him in half a minute like two-twos. And for the matter of that, that fellow with the whip, who imagines he keeps me in order, by fixing his eye on me. Yes, and the horse too; the whole three of them. But there's that bit of meat at the end of the performance, so I suppose I may as well appear to come "the docile highly-trained beast," and go through with the tomfoolery and collar it. "Snarl?" *Do* I? Of course I do. It's the one outlet I have for my feelings. Who wouldn't snarl under the circumstances? Fancy, me, the "King of Beasts" (it sounds like chaff), dropping off a platform, at a given signal, on to the back of an idiotic circus-horse, stared at through a lot of bars by a house packed full of applauding fools! And we finish up by a scamper all round together that seems vastly to amuse them! What a come-down for a Lion! Learned pigs and educated bears are well enough, but they should know where to draw the line and stop at the "Monarch." I keep pretty quiet at present because it pays, but that snarl of mine may end in a roar. By Jove! if it does, the horse, boar-hound, and fellow with the whip, had better look out for themselves, and that's all I have got to say about it at present.

ETYMOLOGY.

"HOW DO YOU DO, MY LITTLE MAN! I'M YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR, YOU KNOW!" "WHAT'S A *NEIGHBOUR?*"
"WELL—*NEIGH* MEANS *NIGH;* THAT IS, *NEAR*, AND——" "OH, THANK YOU. I KNOW WHAT *BORE* MEANS!"

THE DIVORCE SHOP.

"A NATION of Shopkeepers!" Well, that old jeer
May fall with small sting on an Englishman's ear,
For 'tis Commerce that keeps the world going.
But *this* kind of Shop? By his *bâton* and hunch,
The thought of it sickens the spirit of *Punch*,
And sets his cheek angrily glowing.

The Philistines, Puritans, Podsnaps, and Prigs
Of Britain play up some preposterous rigs,
And tax o'en cosmopolite charity.
But here is a business that 's not to be borne;
Its mead is the flail and the vial of scorn,
Not chaffing or Christmas hilarity.

The Skunk *not* indigenous, Sirs, to our Isle?
The assertion might well bring a cynical smile
To the lips of a critical Yankee.
The vermin is here; he has set up a shop,
And seems doing a prosperous trade, which to stop
Demands more than mere law's hanky-panky.

Poor Law 's tangled up in long coils of Red Tape,
She 's the butt for each Jeremy Diddler's coarse jape,
Every filthy Paul Pry's ghoulish giggle.
JOHN BULL, my fine fellow, wake up, and determine
To stamp out the lives of the venomous vermin
Who round your home-hearth writhe and wriggle.

'Ware Snakes! No, *Punch* begs the ophidian's pardon!
The slimiest slug in the filthiest garden
Is not so revolting as these are,
These ultra-reptilian rascals, who spy
Round our homes, and, for pay, would, with treacherous eye,
Find flaws in the wife e'en of CÆSAR.

Find? Well, if unable to *find* they will *make*.
No, the loathliest asp that e'er lurked in the brake
To spring on the passer unwary,
Was not such an *anguis in herbâ* as this is,
Mean worm, which of all warning rattles and hisses
Is so calculatingly chary.

The Spy sets up Shop! And what has he for sale?
False evidence meant to weight Justice's scale,
Eavesdroppings, astute fabrications,
The figments of vile keyhole varlets, the fudge
Of venal vindictiveness. Faugh! the foul sludge
Reeks rank as the swamp's exhalations.

Paul Pry, with a poison-fang, ready to bite
In the pay of home-hate or political spite,
Is a portent as mean as malignant.
The villain is vermin scarce worthy of steel,
His head should lie crushed 'neath the merciless heel
Of honesty hotly indignant.

NOTHING NEW.—"Every Schoolboy" knows that scent was familiar to the Romans, and what scent it was. Will he not at once quote the line, "*Tityre tu patchouli recubans*," &c.

WINTER AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

IT is emphatically pleasant. From a Fine-Art point of view, it is "the winter of our great content." Only a few weeks ago we had an Exhibition of the Young Masters, and very-much-alive English Artists—to wit, the students of the Royal Academy—at Burlington House, and now Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON has waved his wand, and has given us a transformation scene in the way of a collection of works by the Old Masters and Deceased Painters of the British School. And a very good show it is, and very grateful we feel to those who have for a time stripped their rooms in order that we may enjoy a sight of their treasures. Very restful to the eye and soothing to the spirit are these grand contributions by the Old Boys. They may say what they please about the progress of modern Art, but *Mr. Punch* is of opinion that many of these fine specimens of CROME, GAINSBOROUGH, JANSEN, MURILLO, MULREADY, &c., are bad to beat. How time slips away! It only seems the other day that these Winter Exhibitions were started by the Royal Academy, and yet the present one is the twenty-first.

MUSICAL NOTES.—When the Oratorio of *Nineveh* is performed again, with incidents in the life of JONAH, one of the features will be a magnificent wail in a minor key.—There is to be a banquet given to musical Dr. TURPIN. It was graceful on the part of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to make this excellent musician a Doctor—the name of TURPIN being more closely associated with York than Canterbury.

THE DIVORCE SHOP.

PRIVATE INQUIRY AGENT. "WANT A DIVORCE, SIR? CERTAINLY, SIR,—CERTAINLY! ANY EVIDENCE YOU MAY REQUIRE READY AT THE SHORTEST POSSIBLE NOTICE!!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXLI. EARL GRANVILLE, K.G., AT WALMER CASTLE.

AS you step out of the railway carriage that has brought you at leisurely speed to Deal, you cannot help thinking of another arrival that, at the time, created even more attention on the part of the inhabitants. You, bent on a visit to the genial Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, arrive from landward. JULIUS CÆSAR came by sea. And yet, so narrow is the world, and so recurrent its movements, you both arrive at the same town!

As you walk down Beach Street, reading the *Commentaries*, which you have brought down in your coat-tail pocket, you recognise the "plain and open shore" which CÆSAR describes as being reached after passing the cliffs of Dover. Here he landed, now many years ago, and your host who, eager for your coming, even now stands on the top of the great round tower that dominates his castle-home, can look upon the very spot on which the Conqueror stepped ashore. Presently he takes you to see the marks of the intrenchment, plainly visible to this day. With heightened colour and dramatic gesture the belted Earl tells how, on the fourth night after the arrival of the Roman fleet, that great storm which ever comes to Britain's aid in such emergencies, arose, wrecking J. CÆSAR's galleys, and driving them far up the shingly beach.

"What's to be done now?" CÆSAR's quartermaster asked.

"Done?" said J. CÆSAR in the colloquial Latin of the day. "Why, haul the fleet up on to the beach."

So they brought the ships ashore; CÆSAR intrenched them within a camp, and remained there till the weather improved. Your host presses upon your acceptance a handful of soil from the *tumuli*.

"CÆSAR's foot may have pressed it," he says, as you, with a perhaps exaggerated appearance of pleasurable interest, pocket the dust, being careful to turn your pocket inside out as soon as you are beyond sight of the castle on your homeward way.

As your hansom pulls up abruptly under the shadow of the antient castle, you find your further progress stopped by a *fosse*, across which is haughtily flung a sixteenth-century drawbridge. HENRY THE EIGHTH, in a rare moment of leisure from domestic affairs, built Walmer Castle for the defence of the coast. You are much struck with the architectural design, which resembles in some degree a mass of *blancmange* turned out of a mould. Four round lunettes of stone, wearily worked by hands now cold, stand four-square to all the winds that blow. In the middle is a great round tower, with a cistern on the top, and underneath an arched cavern which you are pleased to learn is bomb-proof. As you cross the drawbridge, you feel bound to admit that the prospect is not inviting. It seems as if you were going to prison instead of to visit, at his marine residence, one of the most courtly and (peradventure) the most hospitable noblemen of his age. The severe stonework frowns upon you; the portholes stare, and you almost wish that, regardless of expense, you had kept your hansom waiting.

But all uneasiness vanishes as you cross the reverberating stone floor, and pass into the apartments fronting the sea. You feel as if you had journeyed into a new world, a sunnier clime. Your host, with outstretched hand, welcomes you to Walmer, and makes kindly inquiries as to the incidents of your journey.

"It is, I expect, very cold in London," he says, with his genial smile; "you will find it Walmer here."

You protest that varieties of temperature are of very inconsiderable concern to you, and, throwing yourself on the walnut couch by the recess window, daintily draped with orange-and-blue chintz, you gaze forth on the varied scene without. The stately ships go on to their haven under the hill; the ever-changing procession presses on, homeward or outward bound; and, beyond, the unbroken, treacherous barrier of the Goodwin Sands.

"It's strange you should choose that place," your host says, in his soft, liquid tones; "that was the favourite corner of a former predecessor in the honourable office I now hold. In the first year of this century, as you know, WILLIAM PITT was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and, tradition says, used, when he came down here, to sit at that very window by the hour, gazing across the Downs towards the coast of France, where his great enemy was preparing for a descent on the British coast."

Naturally pleased by this coincidence, you endeavour to make your eyes flash as you look across the sea (you remember to have read somewhere that PITT had "an eagle eye;" perhaps two, but only one is mentioned); try and think what PITT looked like generally, and what he did with his arms, which you finally decide to fold across your chest, though conscious that you more resemble NAPOLEON crossing the Alps than the Great Commoner sitting at his drawing-room window in Walmer Castle.

Your host is pardonably proud of his Arboretum, which he has set out on the roof where, in Tudor times, the cistern flaunted the breeze. Here, bared to the winter sun, droops the long fronds of the *Fucus spungiosus nodosus*. Close by is a specimen of that rare plant the *Fucus Dealensis pedicularis rubrifolio*. Here, too, is the *Rhamnoides fructifera foliis satiris*, rarely seen so far north. Here, coyly hang the narrow leaves of the *Silene conoidea*; and here, slowly rocking in the S.S.W. wind, is the sand willow (*Salix arenaria*). You fancy that somewhere you have seen a finer *Hippophae rhamnoides*, but the *Dianthus cariophyllus*, with its pleasant smell of cloves, well deserved the look of appreciation which your host bends upon it. Here, too, are the *Geranium maritinum*, and the wallflower-scented *Hottonia palustris* and even the humble *Brassica oleracea*.

"I have gathered them all in this district myself," your host says, opening the violet velvet smoking-jacket (for which he has exchanged the warlike garb he usually wears at Walmer) and casually displaying the belt that marks his earldom.

You would like to ask whether a belted Earl ever wears braces, but whilst you are thinking of how so delicate a question may be framed, GRANVILLE, GEORGE, LEVESON-GOWER, Earl GRANVILLE, Knight of the Garter and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, relates, with that never failing flow of natural humour which so greatly endears him to Lord SALISBURY, the story of his chequered career, since he left Christchurch, Oxford, now more than half a century ago and became Attaché to the Embassy at Paris. The narrative which is full of point, agreeably occupies the time up to half-past one, when the beating of a huge drum announces luncheon. You make a feint of at once leaving, and Lord GRANVILLE, with that almost excessive politeness which distinguishes him, hesitates to oppose your apparent inclination.

As you pass out, skirting the piece of old ordnance dragged from the sea in 1775, near the Goodwin Sands, by some fishermen who were sweeping for anchors in the Gull-stream, you reach the conclusion, that politeness may sometimes be carried too far. "Deale," notes LELAND, in his interesting *Itinerary*, "is half a myle fro the shore of the sea, a Finssheher village iii myles or more above Sandwich." That is all very well for Deal; but a gentleman of healthy habits, who left London at ten o'clock this morning would, as the afternoon advances, certainly not be so much as three miles above a sandwich if it were offered.

Pleased with this quaint conceit, in which there is peradventure some little humour, you drop in at a confectioner's, and fortify yourself with a nineteenth-century bun, with which you trifle whilst the train tarries.

A SPORTING CORRESPONDENT, who says "he isn't in the know," asks "what we think of *Garter* for the Derby?" A word to the wise is sufficient. "Garter" rhymes to "Starter." The Motto of the Garter is, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. We have spoken.

THE POOR CHILDREN'S PANTOMIME; OR SAVED BY A MAGISTRATE'S ORDER.

THE MYSTIC LETTERS.

THROUGH the vast hall we stepped alone.
Books, books were everywhere,
In all the world he had not known
A library so fair.

Through pictured windows sunshine fell
On carven cedar old,
On velvet hangings, shading well
Fair bindings manifold.

Right joyfully he wandered on,
Yet marvelled much to see—
Gold letters on each volume shone,
D. W. and T.

"Some happy publisher," he mused,
"Is designated thus—
Perchance, who yet has not perused
My homeless genius.

"That publisher if I could view,
I'd fall down at his feet.
"Rise," he would cry. "For need of you
The whole is incomplete!"

His heart stood still. What wondrous sight
Struck him with joyful awe?
Inscribed in letters large and bright,
'Twas his own name he saw.

His own great works! All, all were there,
Each title that he knew,
In vellum, in morocco rare
Of deep æsthetic blue.

The Sonnets that his youth engrossed,
The Novel of his prime,
The Epic that he loved the most,
The Tragedy sublime.

He took the Epic from the shelf,
Engravings rare surveyed—
The Artist seemed a higher self,
Who knew and who portrayed.

"Notices of the Press"—His eyes
Grew dim as he descried
"True Genius we recognise"—
Ah, who was at his side?

He turned; but could it be, in truth,
The Publisher he scanned?
No austere presence, but a youth
With poppies in his hand,

Who smiled. Whereat the Author's mien
Grew slowly blank, as on
The mystic letters he had seen
A fatal meaning shone.

It seemed a melancholy wind
Swept by him as he spoke.
"D. W. and T. 'Declined
With Thanks!'" he said, and woke.

PUZZLES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The Emperor of Germany.—To make a couple of public speeches without making use ten times of the first personal pronoun.

Mr. Stanley.—To escape an overwhelming and universal ovation on his return.

The Czar.—To increase the Naval and Military Estimates of his country with one hand, and at the same time succeed in controlling so-called "legitimate National aspirations" with the other.

The Sultan.—To pay his way, and yet preserve a smiling countenance.

The Gas-Stokers' Union.—To learn the lesson taught them by the course of recent events, and grow wise in time, without making further mischievous efforts to alienate public sympathy.

Mr. Barnum.—To prove to the grumblers, who write to the Papers to complain of the "Booking" arrangements in connection with "The Greatest Show on Earth," that the management is perfect, and could not be better.

The Emperor of Brazil.—To make ends meet on an income of nothing a-year.

The Covent Garden Lion.—To find that his quite sedate, leisurely, and altogether proper performance is watched every night in breathless suspense by an excited audience.

Mr. Augustus Harris.—To think already how he can manage to make his next year's Christmas Pantomime outdo even his,—this season's,—latest triumphant effort.

Mr. Gladstone.—How to fit the items of his new Radical programme nicely in with his Home-Rule Scheme, with a view to making some sort of stir with both in the approaching Parliamentary Session.

The Recently Unrolled Mummy.—To discover how he came to be so long neglected in a back room in Gower Street, and to find out, now that they have pounced on him, who the dickens he was when "up and doing" in Old Egypt thirty centuries back.

The Authorities at the War Office.—How to satisfy an inquisitive public that 18,000 troopers can be comfortably and efficiently mounted on the 12,000 horses, the total number provided for them for that purpose by those who are responsible for their supply.

The London Omnibus Horse.—How to get supplied with a proper shoe, that will enable him to keep on his legs with equal facility on granite, Macadam, wood, or asphalte.

The First Lord of the Admiralty.—How to satisfy the country, from his place in Parliament, that the "Department" is turning out big guns in any number, and that, when they are turned out, he'll pledge his word that they won't burst—unreasonably.

TANGIBLE.

Second Groom (waiting at Tea for the nonce, and handing thin Bread-and-butter—sotto voce). "CLAP TWO OR THREE BITS TOGETHER, MISS, THEN YOU'LL GET A BITE!"

"KILLALOE DAM GONE."—Under this heading, boldly displayed, the *Scottish Leader* announces that the inundation of the Shannon has caused further serious damage to the new drainage works at Killaloe. The way of putting it is undoubtedly terse and emphatic. It sets forth in three words the consternation that fell upon Killaloe when the Shannon rose, and the ruthless ruin that whelmed the town when the waters retired. At the same time it is not quite the language we would have expected from an able and responsible journal which has bearded the *Scotsman* in its den, and shown that, after all, it is possible to establish a prosperous Liberal newspaper in the Lowlands.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. III.—THE MAN-TRAP.

THIS Drama, which, like our last, has been suggested by a poem of the Misses TAYLORS', will be found most striking and impressive in representation upon the Music-hall stage. The dramatist has ventured to depart somewhat from the letter, though not the spirit, of the original text, in his desire to enforce the moral to the fullest possible extent. Our present piece is intended to teach the great lesson that an inevitable Nemesis attends apple-stealing in this world, and that Doom cannot be disarmed by the intercession of the evil-doer's friends, however well-meaning.

THE MAN-TRAP!

A Thrilling Moral Musical Sensation Sketch in One Scene.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

William (a Good Boy). . Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS. } *who have kindly*
Thomas (a Bad Boy) . Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL. } *offered their services.*
Benjamin (neither one thing nor the other) . Mr. SAMUEL SUPER.
The Monster Man-trap . . . . . Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST.

SCENE—*An elaborate set, representing, on extreme left, a portion of the high road, and wall dividing it from an orchard; realistic apple- and pear-trees laden with fruit. Time, about four o'clock on a hot afternoon. Enter* WILLIAM *and* THOMAS, *hand-in-hand, along road; they ignore the dividing wall, and advance to front of stage.*

Duet.—William and Thomas.

Wm. I'm a reg'lar model boy,
I am; so please make no mistake.
It's THOMAS who's the bad 'un—*I* am good!
Thos. Yes, I delight in naughtiness for naughtiness's sake,
And I wouldn't be like WILLIAM if I could!

Chorus.

Wm. Ever since I could toddle, my conduct's been model,
There's, oh, such a difference between me and him!
Thos. While still in the cradle, I orders obeyed ill,
And now I've grown into a awful young limb!
Together. Yes, now {he's / I've} grown into a awful young limb.
I've made up my mind not to imitate *him!*
[*Here they dance.*

Second Verse.

Wm. If someone hits him in the eye, he always hits them back!
When *I* am struck, my Ma I merely tell!
On passing fat pigs in a lane, he'll give 'em each a whack!
Thos. (*impenitently*). And jolly fun it is to hear 'em yell! [*Chorus.*

Third Verse.

Wm. He's always cribbing coppers—which he spends on lollipops.
Thos. (A share of which *you've* never yet refused!)
Wm. A stone he'll shy at frogs and toads, and anything that hops!
Thos. (While you look on, and seem to be amused!) [*Chorus.*

Fourth Verse.

Wm. As soon as school is over, THOMAS goes a hunting squirr'ls,
Or butterflies he'll capture in his hat!
Thos. *You* play at Kissing in the Ring with all the little girls!
Wm. (*demurely*). Well, THOMAS, I can see no harm in *that!*
[*Chorus.*

Fifth Verse.

Wm. Ah, THOMAS, if you don't reform, you'll come to some bad end!
Thos. Oh, WILLIAM, put your head inside a bag!
Wm. No, THOMAS, that I cannot—till you promise to amend!
Thos. Why, WILLIAM, what a chap you are to nag!
[*Chorus and dance.* THOMAS *returns to road, and regards the apple-trees longingly over top of wall.*
Thos. Hi, WILLIAM, look . . . what apples! there—don't *you* see?
And pears—my eye! just *ain't* they looking juicy!
Wm. Nay, THOMAS, since you're bent upon a sin,
I will walk on, and visit BENJAMIN!
[*Exit* WILLIAM (L. 2. E.), *while* THOMAS *proceeds to scale the wall and climb the boughs of the nearest pear-tree. Melodramatic Music. The Monster Man-trap stealthily emerges from long grass below, and fixes a baleful eye on the unconscious* THOMAS.
Thos. I'll fill my pockets, and on pears I'll feast!
[*Sees Man-trap, and staggers.*
Oh, lor—whatever is that hugly beast!
Hi, help, here! call him off! . . .
The Monster. 'Tis vain to holler—
My borders are—all trespassers to swoller!
You just come down—I'm waiting 'ere to ketch you.
(*Indignantly.*) You *don't* expect I'm coming up to fetch you!
Thos. (*politely.*) Oh, not if it would inconvenience *you*, Sir!
(*In agonised aside.*) I feel my grip grow every moment looser!
[*The Monster, in a slow, uncouth manner, proceeds to scramble up the tree.*
Oh, here's a go! The norrid thing can *climb!*
Too late I do repent me of my crime!
[*Terrific sensation chase! The Monster Man-trap leaps from bough to bough with horrible agility, and eventually secures his prey, and leaps with it to the ground.*
Thomas (*in the Monster's jaws*). I'm sure you seem a kind, good-natured creature—
You will not harm me?
Monster. No—I'll only eat yer!
[THOMAS *slowly vanishes down its cavernous jaws; faint yells are heard at intervals—then nothing but a dull champing sound; after which, dead silence. The* Monster *smiles, with an air of repletion.*

Re-enter WILLIAM, *from* R., *with* BENJAMIN.

Benjamin. I'm very glad you came—but where is THOMAS?
Wm. (*severely*). TOM is a wicked boy, and better from us,
For on the road he stopped to scale a wall! . . .
[*Sees Man-trap, and starts.*
What's *that?*
Benj. It will not hurt *good* boys at all—
It's only Father's Man-trap—why so pale?
Wm. The self-same tree! . . the wall that TOM *would* scale!
Where's THOMAS *now?* Ah, TOM, the wilful pride of you!
[*The Man-trap affects an elaborate unconsciousness.*
Benj. (*with sudden enlightenment*). Man-trap, I do believe poor TOM's inside of you!
That sort of smile's exceedingly suspicious.
[*The Man-trap endeavours to hide in the grass.*
Wm. Ah, Monster, give him back—'tis true he's vicious,
And had no business to go making free with you!
But think, so bad a boy will disagree with you!
[WILLIAM *and* BENJAMIN *kneel in attitudes of entreaty on either side of the Man-trap, which shows signs of increasing emotion as the song proceeds.*

BENJAMIN (*sings*).	WILLIAM (*sings*).
Man-trap, bitter our distress is That you have unkindly penned In your innermost recesses One who used to be our friend!	In his downward course arrest him! (He may take a virtuous tack); Pause awhile, ere you digest him, Make an effort—bring him back!

[*The Man-trap is convulsed by a violent heave;* WILLIAM *and* BENJAMIN *bend forward in an agony of expectation, until a small shoe and the leg of* THOMAS'S *pantaloons are finally emitted from the Monster's jaws.*
Benj. (*exultantly*). See, WILLIAM, now he's coming . . . here's his shoe for you!
The Man-trap (*with an accent of genuine regret*). I'm sorry—but that's all that I can do for you!
Wm. (*raising the shoe and the leg of pantaloons, and holding them sorrowfully at arm's length*). He's met the fate which moralists all promise is
The end of such depraved careers as THOMAS'S!
Oh, BENJAMIN, take warning by it *be*-time!
(*More brightly*). But now to wash our hands—'tis nearly tea-time!
[*Exeunt* WILLIAM *and* BENJAMIN, *to wash their hands, as Curtain falls. N.B. This finale is more truly artistic, and in accordance with modern dramatic ideas, than the conventional "picture."*

"A MONTAGU! A MONTAGU!"—Our common-sense Magistrate, Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, heavily fined a steam-rolling demon, which comes in our streets as anything but a boon and a blessing to men and horses. *A propos* of this "worthy beak," when are his "Reminiscences" to appear? The book is bound,—no, not yet, or it would have been published,—but, when it is ready, it is bound to be amusing.

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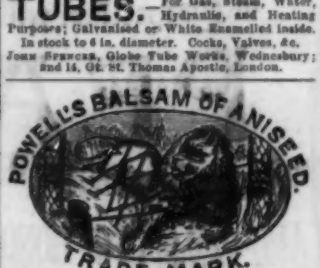

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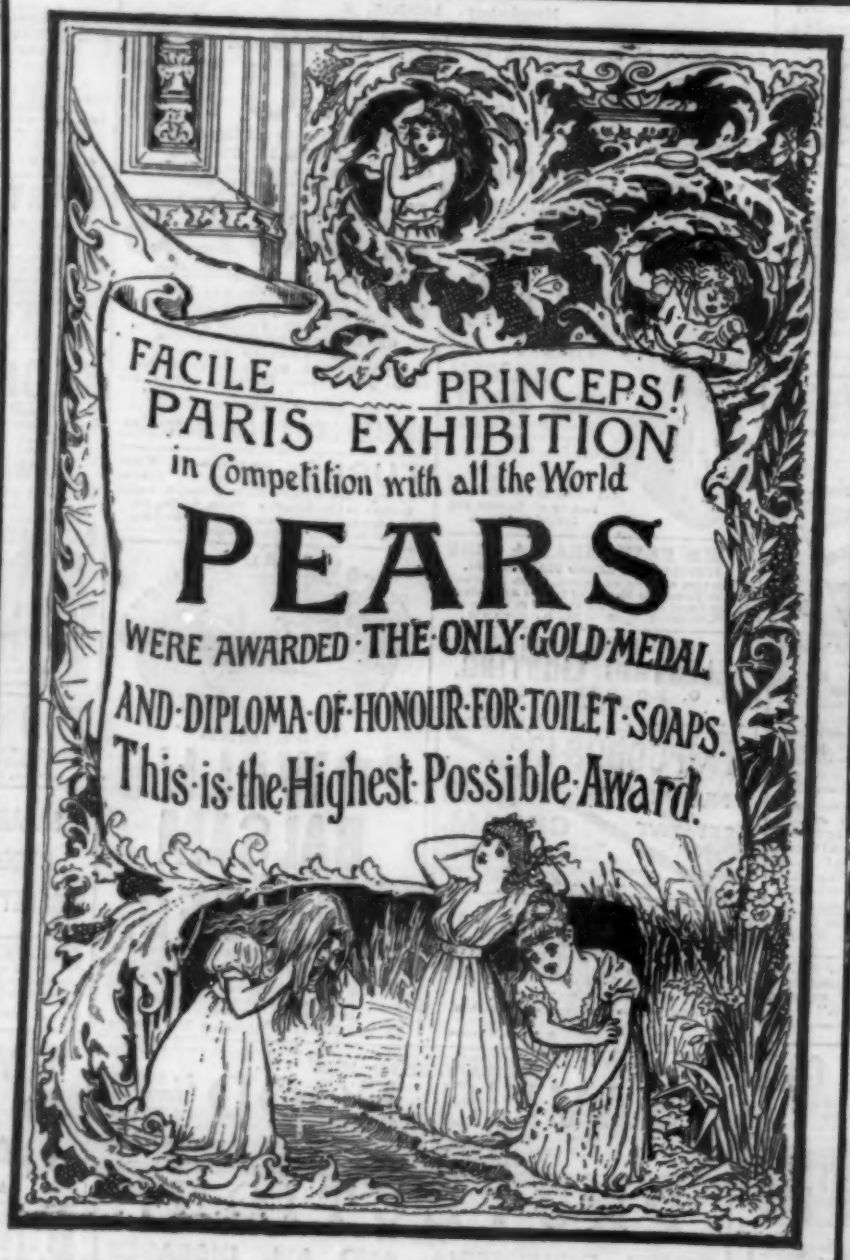

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